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SHAKESPEARE'S GRAND MARCH IN "LEAR."

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The musical score is written for piano and features five systems of staves. The first system is marked *Adagio* and *Piano Forte*. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The score consists of a single melodic line in the upper staff and a complex accompaniment in the lower staff, characterized by dense chords and arpeggiated figures. The piece concludes with a final chord in the fifth system.

Handwritten musical score for Shakespeare's Grand March in "Lear." The score is written on six systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo marking is *a tempo*. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). There are also some handwritten annotations, including "Faus. accellerando" and "Viva". The notation is in a historical style, likely from a 19th-century manuscript.



M. APPLETON BAKER.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORD-PLAY AND PUNS.

II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



URBY'S quarto of 1598 speaks on its title-page of *Love's Labour's Lost* as "a Pleasant Conceited Comedie." The description suits well. For among all the plays this is the one in which the poet, free as yet from all constraint of serious thinking on any grave problem, has given the widest range to his love of the fantastic element in life and in speech. Those critics are, indeed, very foolish that can see nothing but conceits in the comedy, and those readers are very stupid who fail to find the conceits pleasant. But, along with much daintiness in portrayal of character and large wealth of poetic effects, there is throughout the drama a youthful debauch of the poet in word-plays. In fact there is not perhaps in literature any other work of a great poet that contains within so small a compass so vast a variety of tricks with words. Of the eighteen characters, sixteen may fairly be called punsters, and the dialogue at all stages of the action is sparkling and flashing from all sides with puns.

Of these word-plays, which come so thick and fast as almost to blind observation, more than two hundred and fifty may be observed as noteworthy. The distribution of these two hundred and fifty among the sixteen characters is, for the study of Shakespeare's method in portraying character, so curious that it may be given in tabular form:

Nathaniel makes	1	word-play.
Jaquenetta	"	1
Longaville	"	4
Maria	"	5
Dull	"	6
Dumain	"	7
Katharine	"	11
Holofernes	"	13
The King	"	13
Armado	"	19

Boyet	makes	20	word-plays.
Rosaline	"	20	"
Moth	"	22	"
The Princess	"	22	"
Costard	"	34	"
Biron	"	48	"

The only characters that do not play with words are the Forester and Lord Mercade. To them the poet gives the chance to say but a word, and they manage to say that word, simply and gravely, without a pun. The Forester, a bashful young man, country-bred, is awestruck by the Princess, perplexed and a little hurt by her punning upon his words. Lord Mercade, heavy with his message of death, delivers it with tender gravity. (V., ii., 726.)

Sir Nathaniel, the country-preacher, ventures shyly upon his single pun. He asks his idol, Holofernes, "where he will find men *worthy* enough to present the nine *worthies*." (V., i., 131.)

Jaquenetta's pun is a somewhat ingenious play on Armado's love-making. The Don proposes to her an assignation at the lodge. "That's *hereby*," she says. (I., ii., 141.) She means *hereby* to put him off without a serious answer; but Armado takes the adverb locally.

Longaville is Shakespeare's type of the tall, handsome, stupid soldier, the guardsman of later fiction. He is honest and dull, the winner of woman's love by his good looks. He tries to catch from his society the fashion of word-play, but his puns are heavy and far-fetched, or utterly commonplace. When Biron inveighs so learnedly against learning, Longaville says:

"He *weeds* the corn and still lets grow the *weeding*." (I., i., 95.)

When Katharine twits him, in the masquerade, with his stupid silence, he explains his own lack of tongue by saying:

"You have a *double tongue* within your mask." (V., ii., 244.)

And, when she calls him calf, he answers with the coarse old play on *horns*:

"Look how you *butt* yourself in these sharp mocks! Will you *give horns*, chaste lady?" (V., ii., 251-2.)

Of course, as Longaville was big and handsome and stupid, his Maria, who was not beautiful, was clever. Theirs was the sort of union by contraries that serves, in Galtonian phrase, to keep up among mankind its average of mediocrity. All Maria's puns are good. When Dumain offered her himself and his sword, she replied, dropping into French,

"No point, quoth I." (V., ii., 277.)

When Rosaline taunts old Boyet with his domestic misfortunes, Maria tells him:

"You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she *strikes at the brow*." (V., i., 119.)

When Boyet tries to kiss her,

"Taking pasture on her lips,"

she flashes out refusal:

"My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be." (II., i., 223.)

Finally, in taking leave of her tall lover, she makes on the double meaning of *long* a kind of half pun that is very tender and graceful. Her lover says of the twelvemonth's waiting:

"I'll stay with patience, but the time is *long*,"

and she replies:

"*The liker you*, few taller are so young." (V., ii., 846.)

Among this gay company of lords and ladies, bred to such skill in the use and abuse of words, Dull is type of the stolid and illiterate rustic, to whom words are a trouble and a snare. He is far from being a fool, a man of sane and direct understanding. But language is too much for him, and, when he has to use language, he gets his syllables badly mixed. Hence his puns are all of the illiterate kind. He misses the word he aims at, and sometimes he stumbles upon one that has a grotesque unfitness for its place. He *reprehends*, instead of *represents*, the person of the King. (I., i., 184.) He orders Costard to be punished by cutting him off in prison from all *penance*. (I., ii., 134.) He takes Holofernes' Latin *Haud credo* for some kind of

wild animal. (IV., ii., 12.) He turns Holofernes' learned *al-lusion* into *collusion* and *pollusion*. (IV., ii., 43, 6.) Only once is there conscious fun in him. When Sir Nathaniel praises the "rare *talent*" of Holofernes, Dull says: "If a *talent* (=talon) be a *claw*, look how he *claws* him with a *talent*.* (IV., ii., 65.) (= *To claw, to tickle, to delight*.)

The puns of Dumain represent in Shakespeare's art a man of thin and poor character. He is pert and impudent, always ready with his small wit, but destitute of real humor and echoing and prolonging the jokes of more original minds. Once he puns obscenely, *yard* (V., ii., 674); once, when backed up by the King, he dares to gibe feebly at Biron:

"Proceeded well, to stop all good *proceeding*." (I., i., 94.)

All the rest of his puns are discharged at his inferiors, sure mark of a mean character. Holofernes says:

"Judas I am, *ycliped* (=called) Maccabæus,"

and Dumain breaks in with,

"Judas Maccabæus *clipt* is plain Judas." (V., ii., 603.)

Judas, when called *Jude*,

"stays for the latter end (*ass*) of his name." (V., ii., 630.)

When Armado, playing Hector, is complimented on having too big a leg for his part, Dumain cries, "More *calf* certain." (V., ii., 644.) And when Armado, in playing his part, distorts his countenance, Dumain mocks him:

"He's a god or a painter, for he *makes faces*." (V., ii., 649.)

And Hector's "lemon stuck with *cloves*" is for Dumain "a *cloven* lemon" (V., ii., 655), surely the feeblest pun extant. Dumain was in love with Katharine, and their taste in puns was such as to make them a well-mated pair. For, although Katharine puns more freely than Dumain, her puns themselves are for the most part as superficial and feeble-minded as his.

* *Talon* and *talent* merged in sound by apocope of the final consonant (t after n), so common in English speech.

So the commonplace puns on *light*, in its many senses (V., ii., 20, 25, etc.), on *fair* (V., ii., 42), on *weigh* (V., ii., 27, etc.), on *calf* (V., ii., 248), are not worthy of noting. When Rosaline seems vexed at her foolish word-play, Katharine answers :

"You'll mar the *light* by taking it in *snuff*"
(=by getting angry at it). (V., ii., 22.)

When Rosaline laughs at her pock-pitted face, Katharine replies bravely enough,

"*Pox* of that jest ! and I *bespew* all *shrows*." (V., ii., 96.)

The Dutch word *veel* (=much) she puns with the French *veal* (calf), thus teaching us a lesson in 16th century pronunciation,* and out of her *veal* she gets as many puns as an Italian cook gets dishes. The best of them is when she tells Longaville

"to die a *calf* before his *horns* do grow." (V., ii., 253.)

The young and beardless Dumain is her calf-lover ; and, laughing at his lack of beard, she says,

"I'll mark no words that *smooth-faced* wooers say." (V., ii., 838 and 829.)

Her last words, however, her ambiguous promise to Dumain, contain her deepest play on words :

"Come, when the King doth to my lady come :
Then, *if I have much love*, I'll give you some."

(V., ii., 840.)

The speech of the King is right kingly. Shakespeare's "matchless Navarre" was of gentle and gracious character, a man not prone to use his wit in gibe or buffoonery. Thus the form of word-play that he loved was the dainty antithesis of a word with itself in sound and sense. For example :

"Let fame," he says, "*grace* us in the *disgrace* of death." (I., i., 3.)

So he tells Biron that "his oath is *passed* to *pass* away" from the sight of women. (I., i., 49.) And he remonstrates against Biron's learned assault on human learning by saying :

"How well he's *read* to reason against *reading*." (I., i., 93.)
So *extreme* and *extremely*. (V., ii., 750.)

* The pun on *beat* and *bait*. (Winter's Tale, II., iii., 91.)

This habit of speech slides over by graceful transition into full-bodied pun. So he sends word to the princess that

"he has *measured* many miles
To tread a *measure* with her on the grass." (V., ii., 184.)

And when Rosaline brings her dance too soon to an end, he pleads with her for "more *measure* of this *measure*." (V., ii., 222.)

The king's puns do not, however, always take this form. Some seem to be purely facetious. So, when Armado was playing Hector, the King said :

"Hector was but a *Trojan* (=rogue, knave) in respect of this." (V., ii., 640.)

Don Armado himself the King described as

"a man of *complements*" (I., i., 169),

meaning both *fine words* and *unusual accomplishments*. When the Princess comes to throw herself on his hospitality, the King says :

"She must *lie here on mere necessity*." (I., i., 149.)

Worse still, when Costard sought to escape his fate by swearing that Jaquenetta was no damsel but a maid, the King says :

"The maid *will not serve your turn*, sir." (I., i., 300.)

For the credit of kingship, Navarre made no other pun so wicked as this. On the other hand, he sometimes used the pun in a poetic sense. When the Princess said that "her face was *clouded*," there is a pretty gallantry in the King's reply :

"Blessed are *clouds* to do as such *clouds* do" (=kiss her face). (V., ii., 204.)

And he calls in each lord to sign his name to the oath, in order

"That his own *hand* (=handwriting, signature) may strike his honour down

That violates the smallest branch." (I., i. 29.)

THOMAS R. PRICE.

DID BEN JONSON WRITE BACON'S WORKS?*

III.

THE PARALLELISMS.



HERE follows a partial list of the Parallelisms or coincidences between Ben Jonson's and what are known as Bacon's works, to which I alluded in my preceding paper :

(1) "With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, *Hæc pro amicitia nostrâ non occultavi*. ('These things, by reason of our friendship, I have not concealed from you.')" (*Essays*, XXVII., *Of Friendship*.)

"Tiberius Cæsar to Sejanus :

"Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these things,
For friendship's dear respect."

(*Jonson, Sejanus*, III., 2.)

(2) "As if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body ; and, therefore, may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient." (*Essays*, XXVII., *Of Friendship*.)

Mosca. "He has no faith in physic ; he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger
And worse disease to escape."

(*The Fox*, I., 1.)

(3) "Factious followers are worse to be liked, which follow not upon affection to him with whom they range themselves, but upon some discontentment conceived against some other ; whereupon commonly ensueth that ill intelligence, that we many times see between great personages." (*Essays*, XLVIII., *Of Followers and Friends*.)

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"With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one
Can change, and vary with all forms he sees;
Be anything but honest; serves the time;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both; which, with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is received
With mutual grace of either."

(*Cynthia's Revels*, III., 2.)

(4) "If it (Praise) be from the common people, it is commonly false and nought, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous; for the common people understand not many excellent virtues. The lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration, but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all."
(*Essays*, LIII., *Of Praise*.)

" . . . It is a crown to me
That the best judgments can report me wrong'd;
Them liars, and their slanders impudent.
 . . . So they be ill men.
If they spake worse, 'twere better; for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise."

(*Cynthia's Revels*, III., 2.)

(5) "And money is like muck, not good except it be spread."
(*Essays*, XV., *Of Seditions and Troubles*.)

"Though hitherto amongst you I have lived,
Like an unsavory muck-hill to myself,
Yet now my gather'd hopes being spread abroad,
Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses."

(*Every Man in His Humor*, III., 2.)

(6) "This fable seems to paint the behavior and fortune of those, who, for their beauty, or other endowments, wherewith nature (without any industry of their own) has graced and adorned them, are extravagantly fond of themselves." (*Wisdom of the Ancients*, IV., *Narcissus*.)

" . . . 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence "

(*Cynthia's Revels*, I., 1.)

(7) "But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposes on men's thoughts, that doth bring lies into favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself." (*Essays, Of Truth.*)

"Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves." (*Discoveries, De Stultitia.*)

(8) "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, as one would and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition and unpleasing to themselves." (*Essays, Of Truth.*)

"It is an art to have so much judgment as to apparel a lie well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakedness would show deformed and odious, the suiting of it might draw their readers." (*Discoveries, Mali choragi.*)

(9) "Wherefore you shall observe, the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a *quanta patimur*; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy." (*Essays, Of Envy.*)

"For great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others to make those slaves to them." (*Discoveries, Mores aulici.*)

(10) "It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self." (*Essays, Of Great Place.*)

"But we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures; and we serve fame and ambition, which is an equal slavery." (*Discoveries, Amor nummi.*)

(11) "For the greatest errors are committed, and the most judgment is shown in the choice of individuals. It was truly said, '*Optimi consilarii mortui*;' 'books will speak plain when counsellors blanch;' therefore it is good to be conversant in them." (*Essays, Of Counsel.*)

"In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counselled. And how can he be counselled that cannot see to read the best counselors (which are books); for they neither flatter us nor hide from us." (*Discoveries, Illit. Princeps.*)

(12) "It is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient." (*Essays, Of Friendship.*)

"But some will say that critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. . . . It is true many bodies are the worse for meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice." (*Discoveries, Horace.*)

(13) "Where much is there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner, but the sight of it with his eyes? The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner." (*Essays, Of Riches.*)

"And shall that which could not fill the expectation of a few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives? when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors, as to me that was a spectator. The bravery was shewn, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself it perished." (*Discoveries, Amor nummi.*)

(14) "Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme whereby to set it right." (*Essays, Of Nature in Men.*)

"The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent."
(*Discoveries, Studiorum.*)

(15) "Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission, for both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practise his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions." (*Essays, Of Nature in Men.*)

"I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it till he fainted; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book; but once got to it he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease." (*Discoveries, Otium studiorum.*)

(16) "Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early custom." (*Essays, Of Custom and Education*)

"Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest." (*Discoveries, Præcipiendi modi.*)

(17) "There is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages." (*Essays, Of Youth and Age.*)

"But studies have their infancy as well as creatures." (*Discoveries, Imò serviles.*)

(18) "There is a kind of followers, likewise, which are dangerous, being indeed espials; which inquire the secrets of the house and bear them to others." (*Essays, Of Followers and Friends.*)

They are an odious and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house like flies or swallows, carry it to their nest (their lord's ears), and oftentimes report the lies they have feigned for what they have seen and heard." (*Discoveries, Parasiti ad mensam.*)

(19) "Some men are praised maliciously and to their hurt,

thereby to stir envy and jealousy towards them." (*Essays, Of Praise.*)

"It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by the wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature." (*Discoveries, Non vulgi sunt.*)

(20) "But all this is but a web of the wit, it can work nothing." (*Praise of Knowledge.*)

"All these are the cobwebs of learning, and to let them grow in us is either sluttish or foolish." (*Discoveries, Notæ Dom.*)

(21) "Reading maketh a full man." (*Essays, Of Studies.*)

"Multiplicity of reading which maketh a full man." (*Discoveries, Lectio.*)

(22) "But your Majesty, that did shed tears in the beginning of my trouble, will, I hope, shed the dew of your grace and goodness upon me in the end." (*Bacon to King James, June 4, 1621.*)

"Were they that nam'd you prophets, did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?"

(*Epig. to Susan, Countess of Montgomery.*)

(23) " . . . whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwart, and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes." (*Adv., 17.*)

"The vulgar are commonly ill-natured, and always grudging against their governors; which makes that a prince has more business and trouble with them than ever Hercules had with the bull or any other beast; by how much they have more heads than will be reined with one bridle." (*Disc., Vulgi mores.*)

(24) "Adrian, his successor, was the most curious man that lived, and the most universal inquirer; insomuch that it was noted for an error in his mind, that he desired to comprehend all things, and not to reserve himself for the worthiest things: falling into the like humor that was long before noted in Philip of Macedon; who, when he would needs over-rule and put

down an excellent musician in an argument touching music, was well answered by him again, 'God forbid, sir' (saith he), 'that your fortune should be so bad as to know these things better than I.'" (*Adv.*, 55.)

"And to the prince, or his superior, to behave himself modestly and with respect. Yet free from flattery or empire. Not with insolence or precept; but as the prince were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of state. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: they will not willingly contend. But hear (with Alexander) the answer the musician gave him, *Absit, ó rex, ut tu melius hac scias, quàm ego.*" (*Disc.*, *Modestia.*)

(25) "Poesy is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other parts extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined; and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things; *Pictoribus atque poetis*, etc. It is taken in two senses in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present. In the latter it is, as hath been said, one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse." (*Adv.*, 101.)

"A poet is that which is called by the Greeks a maker, or a feigner; his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle, from the word poiein, which signifies to make or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work or poem." (*Disc.*, *Poeta.*)

(26) " . . . I think it decent to pass over this part in silence, as willing to obtain the certificate which one of the an-

cient philosophers aspired unto; who, being silent when others contended to make demonstration of their abilities by speech, desired it might be certified for his part, *That there was one that knew how to hold his peace.*" (*Adv.*, 249.)

"It was wittily said upon one, that was taken for a great and grave man, so long as he held his peace: This man might have been counsellor of state, till he spoke: but having spoken, not the beadle of the ward." (*Disc.*, *Argute.*)

(27) "But the principal of these is direction: for *claudius in via antevertit cursorem.*" (*Adv.*, 76.)

"A cripple in the way out-travels a footman, or a post out of the way." (*Disc.*, *Ægidius.*)

(28) "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran." (*Essay, Of Atheism.*)

" . . . And all been proper stuff
The Talmud and the Alcoran had come
With pieces of the Legend."
(*Execration upon Vulcan.*)

(29) "Your Majesty's honor (which next our conscience to God) is the dearest thing to us on earth." (*Letter to the King.*)

"After God, nothing is to be loved of man like the prince; he violates nature that doth it not with his whole heart."
(*Disc.*, *Princeps.*)

(30) "Secondly. Claims by word, and by fact; the latter stronger. Words the female; acts the male." (*Letters and Life*, V., 57.)

"I have my female wit,
As well as my male."
(*The Devil is an Ass*, IV., i.)

(31) "It is good to have the orb of the mind concentric with the universe." (*Antitheses.*)

"We know our places here, we mingle not
One in another's sphere, but all move orderly
In our own orbs, yet are we all concentrics."
(*Staple of News*, II., i.)

(32) "Nothing can be found in the material globe which has not its parallel in the crystalline globe or Intellect, that is, nothing can come into practice, of which there is not some doctrine or theory." (*De Aug.*, viii.)

"Knowledge is the action of the soul, and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds of all science and virtue in itself; but not without the service of the senses; by these organs the soul works." (*Disc., Scientiæ.*)

(33) "For protestations, and professions, and apologies, I never found them very fortunate; but they rather increase suspicion than clear it." (*Letters and Life*, V., 47.)

"A fame that is wounded to the world would be better cured by another's apology than its own; for few can apply medicine well themselves." (*Disc., Fama.*)

[It has been urged that Shakespeare must have been a lawyer because of the frequent use of legal terms in his plays; but to prove how fallacious such reasoning is, it will be sufficient to say that a single prologue of Jonson's (that to Bartholomew Fair) contains more legal terms than can be found in all the plays of Shakespeare. Yet no one has affirmed that Jonson was, therefore, a lawyer, though the harmony of thought throughout the *Philosophical Works*, which have hitherto been called Bacon's and the undoubted works of Ben Jonson, is astonishingly evident. And it is not only the likeness of ideas, but their portrayal in a style peculiarly Jonson's which justifies the conclusion, from internal evidence alone, that he was the true author of the *New Philosophy*. To briefly illustrate this a few instances will be given, which the careful reader can extend indefinitely, if he be so inclined:]

The word "reconcilement" is used in the same sense in the *Philosophical Works* and in the plays:

" . . . *reconcilement* is better managed by an amnesty," says the author of the *Advancement of Learning* (p. 233), and Jonson, in the *Poetaster* (V., 1) urges the cultivation of nobler feelings and the banishment of savagery, and is

"More proud of *reconcilement* than revenge."

Thus too, the word "contain" is used in the sense which we attach to the word *restrain*, to hold in:

"As in those that dive that obtain a strange power of *containing* respiration." (*Adv.*, p. 143.)

"*Contain* her worthiest prophets in contempt." (*Poetaster*, V., 1.)

In the same play Jonson refers to the "commenter," meaning commentator, and in the *Advancement* we have:

"As to be a profound interpreter or *commenter*." (*Adv.*, 42.)

So "parcel" is used as *part*:

"Nothing *parcel* of the world is denied to man's enquiry." (*Adv.*, p. 7.)

And Jonson:

"*Parcel*-guilty, I." (*Poetaster*, V., 1.)

In similar fashion is "excellency" used instead of *excellence*:

"Who was noted for the extreme envy he bare towards all heathen *excellency*." (*Adv.*, p. 55.)

" . . . But we out of an assurance of your *excellency*, challenge him in your behalf." (*Poetaster*, II., 1.)

So, too, "delicate" is used in the *Advancement* (p. 28), and in the *Poetaster* (II., 1), in the sense of *effeminate*, *affected*:

" . . . and the last *delicate* learning." (*Adv.*)

"Thus nor her *delicates* would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me."

(*Poetaster*.)

"Fet" for *fetch*:

"Drinks *fet* from beyond the sea." (*Letter to Villiers*, Works, VI., 23.)

"'Tis far *fet* by their stay." (*Cynthia's Revels*, IV., 1.)

"Lest they make men too precise, arrogant, *incompatible*." (*Adv.*, 212.)

" . . . You are *incompatible* to live withal." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 2.)

Demand, as simply to ask, not, as now, to ask with authority, or as a right:

"It asketh some knowledge to *demand* a question not impertinent." (*Adv.*, 85.)

"I will *demand* him myself." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 2.)

Still, used as meaning constantly :

" . . . because they generate *still*." (*Adv.*, 72.)

"Monthly we spend our *still* repaired shine." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 3.)

Conversant, have to do with :

"The works or acts of merit towards learning are *conversant* about three objects." (*Adv.*, 76.)

"Who heretofore hath been too *conversant*
Among our train."

(*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 3.)

Unperfect, for imperfect :

"In these kinds of *unperfect* histories." (*Adv.*, 91.)

"Like an *unperfect* prologue." (*Cynthia's Revels*, III., 3.)

Intendment, for intention :

" . . . to have derived imposition of names from reason and *intendment*." (*Adv.*, 167.)

"It offers itself to our retired *intendments*." (*Cynthia's Revels*, II., 1.)

Arrogancy, *i.e.*, arrogance :

" . . . sometimes in the severity and *arrogancy* of politiques." (*Adv.*, 5.)

"Ay, and tickle him i' faith for his *arrogancy* and his impudence." (*Poetaster*, IV., 1.)

Prefer, to promote :

"If he countenance and *prefer* learned men." (*Adv.*, 3.)

"I will *prefer* for knowledge none but such
As rule their lives by it."

(*Poetaster*, IV., 4.)

Affects, *i.e.*, affections, dispositions :

" . . . Either how, and how far the humors and *affects* of the body do alter or work upon the body. (*Adv.*, 131.)

"Death cannot raze the *affects* she now retaineth." (*Poetaster*, IV., 7.)

Prevented, *i.e.*, hindered, crossed :

"But in this same anticipated and *prevented* knowledge." (*Adv.*, 171.)

"I am *prevented*, all my hopes are crossed." (*Poetaster*, prologue.)

Of, used instead of *for* :

" . . . the reverence of laws and government." (*Adv.*, 17.)

"And of a stone be called Weeping-Cross." (*Cynthia's Revels*, V., 3.)

Remora :

"Nay, they are indeed but *remoraes* and hindrances to stay and slug the ship from further sailing." (*Adv.*, 119.)

"Death, I am seiz'd on here
By a land *remora* ; I cannot stir
Nor move, but as he pleases."

(*Poetaster*, III., 1.)

Purchase, *i.e.*, acquisition, acquire :

" . . . taking pleasure in the action itself, and not in the *purchase*." (*Adv.*, 16.)

"You grow rich, do you, and *purchase* ?" (*Poetaster*, III., 1.)

To certify, *i.e.*, to give information of :

" . . . are very sufficient to *certify* and report truth." (*Adv.*, 154.)

"Nay, then I am *certified*; he shall go." (*Poetaster*, IV., 1.)

Intent, *i.e.*, intention :

"With an *intent* in man to give law unto himself." (*Adv.*, 6.)

"I'm out of my way of *intent* to visit him." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, II., 1.)

Facile, *i.e.*, easy, light :

"A corrupt judge offendeth not so lightly as a *facile*." (*Adv.*, 222.)

"For a stranger to err 'tis easy and *facile*." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, II., 1.)

Glory, in the sense of ostentation :

" . . . it hath rather a sounding and unworthy *glory*, than a meriting and substantial virtue." (*Adv.*, 7.)

"I speak it not *gloriously* nor out of affectation." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, II., 1.)

Design, *i.e.*, appoint, appointment:

" . . . the reward and *designation* of readers in sciences." (*Adv.*, 78.)

"I'll *design* the other a place too, that we may see him." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Consort, *i.e.*, fellowship:

"Joined also with the agreement and *consort* it hath with music." (*Adv.*, 102.)

"What citizen is it you were *consorted* with?" (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Pair of tables:

" . . . we see that he esteemed it more honor to make himself but a *pair of tables*." (*Adv.*, 64.)

"Have you a *pair of tables*?" (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Convenient, *i.e.*, suitable:

" . . . the *convenient* estate of wealth and means both of crown and subject." (*Adv.*, 58.)

" . . . imagine you what you think *convenient*." (*Every Man in His Humor*, IV., 6.)

Censure, *i.e.*, to judge:

" . . . many will conceive and *censure* that some of them are already done." (*Adv.*, 84.)

"he knows how to *censure* of a . . . pray you, sir, can you judge?" (*Every Man in His Humor*, IV., 1.)

Anatomy, a dead body used for dissection:

" . . . and do likewise command the use of dead bodies for *anatomies*." (*Adv.*)

"as I protest they must have dissected, and made an *anatomy* of me first." (*Every Man in His Humor*, IV., 4.)

False fire:

"I think also it were not amiss to make a *false fire*." (*Letter touching Peacham's case*.)

"Oh, you shall give him a number of these *false fires* ere he depart." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, III., 1.)

Double negative:

"*Not* because those final causes are *not* true." (*Adv.*, 120.)

" . . . he writes me no answer neither. (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, IV., 1.)

Leese, to lose:

"For as water . . . doth scatter and leese itself in the ground." (*Adv.*, 77.)

"Take heed, you leese it not, signior." (*Every Man Out of His Humor*, V., 1.)

Peremptory, in the sense of destructive:

"From all ruinous and *peremptory* errors." (*Adv.*, 53.)

"You *peremptory* gull, if you cannot be quiet, get you hence." (*Every Man in His Humor*, I., 1.)

Curious, i.e., cautious:

" . . . that we see men are more *curious* what they put into a new vessel than into a vessel seasoned." (*Adv.*, 56.)

" . . . Old men are *curious*,

Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase."

(*Every Man in His Humor*, I., 1.)

In Bacon's *Catalogue of Astringents, Openers, and Cordials Instrumental to Health*, he names *mint*, *myrobalanes*, *coral*, *saffron*, *cloves*. And in those to stay the motion of the humors, *coral* and *pearls*. And, among the astringents which by cherishing and strengthening of the parts do comfort and confirm their rightful power, "*a stomacher of scarlet cloth*." (*Medical Remains*, I., 428.)

"Seed *pearl* were good now boill'd with syrup of apples,
Tincture of gold, and *coral*, citron pills,
Your elicampane root, *myrobalanes*.

Some English *saffron*, half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen *cloves*, a little musk, dried *mints*,
Bugloss, and barley meal . . .
And these applied with a right scarlet cloth."

(*The Fox*, III., 2.)

Among the *Apothegms* (published 1625), appears the following:

"A fellow named Hogg, who importuned Sir Nicholas Bacon to save his life, claiming that there was kindred between Hog

and Bacon. 'Aye,' replied the judge, 'you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it is well hanged.'"

And something like it appears in *Neptune's Triumph*, a masque written by Jonson:

"The ointment that witches use is reported to be made of the *fat of children* digged out of their graves." (*Nat. Hist.*)

"I had a dagger; what did I wish with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat."

(*Masque of Queens.*)

"It is said that witches do eagerly *eat men's flesh*." (*Nat. Hist.*)

"A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I *bit off a sinew*." (*Masque of Queens.*)

"Physicians do wisely prescribe that there be preparatives used before just purgations; for certain it is, that purgers do many times great hurt, if the body be not accommodated both before and after the purging. The hurt that they do for want of preparation before purging is by the sticking of the humors, and their not going far away; which causeth in the body great perturbations and ill accidents during the purging; and also the diminishing and dulling of the working of the medicine itself, that it purgeth not sufficiently; therefore the work is doubled; to make the humors fluid and mature, and to make the passages more open; for both thus help to make the humors pass more readily." (*Nat. Hist.*, Art. 65.)

" . . . Hence we do conclude,
That whatso'er hath fluxure and humidity.
As wanting power to contain itself.
Is humor. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humors. Now, thus far,
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality

Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluents, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humor."

(*Every Man Out of His Humor.*)

"The most pernicious infection, next to the plague, is the smell of the jail." (*Nat. Hist.*, Art. 914.)

"The very stench of 'em would poison me. I should not dare to come in at their gates. . . . A man were better visit fifteen jails." (*Cynthia's Revels.*)

"And that the same heart likewise of an ape, applied to neck or head, helpeth the wit, and is good for the falling-sickness." (*Nat. Hist.*, Art. 978.)

"Another a flay'd ape clapp'd to his breast." (*The Fox*, II., 3.)


"Gold incorporates with lead in any proportion. Gold incorporates with copper in any proportion, a common alloy. Gold incorporates with brass in any proportion. And what is said of copper is true of brass, in the union of other metals. Gold incorporates with tin; an ancient alloy." (*Physiological Remains*, I., 143.)

" . . . This night I'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold;
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper." (*The Alchemist*, II., 1.)

ALFRED WAITES.

WHAT EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE SHALL I BUY?

I.—THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE.

 HE merits of this edition are two. FIRST: It is the Text of Professor Delius, which is as good a text as any. SECOND: It is illustrated. The engravings or vignettes are indented in the text, which, in our opinion, is the real way to graphically illustrate Shakespeare; and, being the work of artists who understood the situations they portrayed, are really helpful and suggestive. So far we have nothing but commendation for the Leopold. A third feature, upon which we wish to stand noncommittal, however, is the fact that the plays and poems are arranged after a purely conjectural "chronological" order. Of course the editor of the Leopold Shakespeare has as much right as had his predecessors, Heminge and Condell, to arrange the plays conjecturally (that is, arbitrarily). But, since readers have grown accustomed to the Heminge and Condell arrangement—which at least grouped plays with plays and poems with poems—we fail to see any decent reason for rearrangement, especially as the Leopold "conjectural chronological" results in tucking the *Sonnets* in between the *Romeo and Juliet* and the *I. Henry Sixth*; the *Lucrece* between the *III. Henry Sixth* and *The Taming of the Shrew*; the *Venus and Adonis* between *The Comedy of Errors* and the *II. Henry Sixth*; while *The Passionate Pilgrim* is sandwiched in between the *II. Henry Fourth* and *The Much Ado About Nothing* (the name of which latter play might probably afford a reasonable title—as some have alleged—for the entire Furnivall system).

But the crowning feature of objection, we fear, to THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE is that its editor is Mr. Furnivall. Not but that Mr. Furnivall, when he tackles a Shakespearian opportunity, is not full of meat, but that his meat happens to be a meat which requires an unusual sort of stomach to digest it, and this, a stomach rather desultory than scholastic. But lest a question of skies not minds may seem to force this opinion from

us, let us copy a criticism of Mr. Furnivall's methods from his own countrymen. In *The Saturday Review* (London) of October 21, 1882, appeared a paper reviewing the Introduction to THE LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE (which was also used by its publishers in *The Royal Shakespeare*—the same except in larger type) under the title:

MR. FURNIVALL ON SHAKESPEARE.

"See my Forewords to *Shakspeare and Holy Writ*, Marcus Ward, 1s." With these noble and convincing words does Mr. Furnivall end his "Introduction" to *The Royal Shakspeare*—an Introduction written, as he informs us, in 1877, and "partly revised" in 1881. The revision might possibly have been more than partial with advantage. Not the less is the Introduction, as it stands, a remarkable work, remarkable for kindness and condescension both to its subject and its readers, for a curious mingling of jauntiness and pedantry in style, for a strange method of spelling, and for an extraordinary amount of information concerning Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Furnivall's friends, Mr. Furnivall's works, the New Shakspeare Society, founded by Mr. Furnivall, and the paging of certain editions of works in Mr. Furnivall's possession to which Mr. Furnivall refers. Yet with a becoming modesty Mr. Furnivall thinks that he owes "an apology to my readers for the slightness and inequality of parts [the reservation is pleasing] of this Introduction. Most of it has been draggd [*sic*] out of me when out of sorts, in a Hamlet-like mood of putting off, and amid the pressure of other work. All the play-part was dictated to an amanuensis from old notes and recollections, and under constant injunctions to be short. But the intended thirty-two pages have grown to four times their length, and much that ought to have been said remains unsaid." With the concluding part of this apology, surely amongst the most remarkable apologies ever penned, we find ourselves unable entirely to agree. Catching a trick of incongruous quotation from Mr. Furnivall himself, we are inclined to remember those classic words of perhaps the best farce of the age, "On the contrary, I have had quite enough of you." The fact that this incongruity is suggested by our author we may proceed to illustrate, by a few curious instances which, as some of our readers have not yet heard, we will now proceed to relate to them. Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to tell us that he hates and despises Jaques; but, on the other hand, "Touchstone's devotion to Celia and his delightful humor draw me to him. He's worth a score of Jaqueses." We then have Jaques com-

pared to Don John and to "Carlyle in his bad latter-day-pamphlets mood and water," and any mother is invited to ask herself whether Jaques's description of a baby is a just account of hers or any woman's. To this suggestion there is a footnote, "My friend Dr. George McDonald's saying" Just above, another footnote tells us Jaques is Laurence Sterne. Two pages before, "My friend Dr. Ingleby says, 'The moral of the play is much more concrete.'" This has a sweet reminiscence of Mr. Herbert Pocket and Mr. Waldengarver. On the same page we are told: "'I do wish,' says a lady-friend, 'there were more young men like him (Orlando) nowadays, instead of the fashionable dandified creatures, budding Jaqueses, whom one sees in London ball-rooms now. But then one can't imagine Orlando at a ball, hoping to have the pleasure of the next dance and remarking on the heat of the room.'" From Mr. Furnivall himself, whose voice is surely even more weighty than the voices of his many friends whom he is forever quoting, we learn of Rosalind that at tidings of Orlando "the impulsive girl throws off all her melancholy forever, and jumps into the gayest chaffingest [Mr. Furnivall is by no means ill at these numbers] humor possible. But note the touch, 'alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?'" Does this mean—we hope it does not—that Mr. Furnivall's study of Shakespeare and of the works of the New Shakspeare Society has led him to the conclusion, which a dull critic has lately expressed, that these words are a serious expression of alarmed modesty? Robbed of their sheer light-heartedness and invested with the "modesty" which has been demanded for them, they become immodest enough. On this point we hope, since there is nothing to prove the contrary, that Mr. Furnivall is at one with us, as we are in matter at one with him when, repeating "a girl-friend's words," he says that, "with all the reforming, cleaning, and white-washing in the world, Oliver must have been a poor creature."

It is not fair to Mr. Furnivall's method to dwell too long on any one of the plays, all of which he discusses in the same charming style and with the same charming absence of false modesty either as regards himself or his many friends, quoted both in the text and, more especially, in his footnotes. Amongst many enticing remarks on Hamlet we find that "on this young university man comes the terrible blow of his idolized father's death. I call him young, as his father does, as he himself, Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia do, too; for, though he is thirty at the end of the few months of the play, yet he cannot be more than about twenty when the play begins." Then in a footnote, with the matter of which, as on a previous occasion,

we agree, Mr. Furnivall, after his own fashion, tells us that, "so long as Shakspeare got his main point, his characters right, he didn't care twopence for accidentals." A few sentences further on we are told of Hamlet that "he grieves and meditates and falls in love. He moons and spoons." Then, in a footnote, we have "my friend" Mr. Richard Grant White's opinions, amongst them this amazing one, quoted with approval, that forbidding the First Player to mock Polonius "was of course ironical, like the traditional 'Don't duck him in the horse pond.'" On the next page, again in a footnote, "My friend Mr. Hargrove" presses upon Mr. Furnivall the suggestion—which, of course, has never occurred to anybody before—that Hamlet was hysterical. In the following page Mr. Furnivall is kind enough to give us a paraphrase of Hamlet's speech, "What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever." The paraphrase is in these words: "I've only killed father. You really shouldn't be put out about a trifle like that. It's unreasonable." On the page after this Mr. Furnivall sums up Hamlet: "'Is there any other man in Shakspeare whom we feel such a longing to comfort?' askt [*sic*] the bonniest and handsomest girl I ever lectured to. ('Pite renneth soone in gentil herte.') But, while willing to sympathize to any extent in his weakness (which is my own), and in the ruin of his love, his nature, and his hope, I hold that what Hamlet wanted was some of the Ulysses will." To know that Hamlet's weakness is also Mr. Furnivall's own, is, in itself, a liberal education.

Let us now, emulating Mr. Furnivall's own versatility of mood, turn from grave to gay, from *Hamlet* to *Much Ado About Nothing*, and quote without comment what is perhaps the most remarkable passage among many remarkable passages in this Introduction. Of the end of the play Mr. Furnivall has this to say: "We all know what it means. The brightest, sunniest married life, comfort in sorrow, doubling of joy. And fancy Beatrice playing with her baby, and her husband looking on! Never child 'ud have had such fun since the creation of the world. The poet Campbell's story of this pair was an utter mistake; he never knew a Beatrice. Dogberry we must, alas! pass over, model of Mrs. Malaprop that he is, and of the Red Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass*." *Much Ado About Nothing* is, Mr. Furnivall tells us in a previous passage, "the central comedy of Shakspeare's middle happiest time;" and, it is also pleasing to learn from him, "it's part of the fun that both of the wittiest and sharpest folk in the play should be taken in by the shallow device of the duller people, on whom they, as superior beings, lookt down."

So in the case of *Othello*. Though, as our extracts must have convinced any unprejudiced reader, there is nothing but what is becoming both to Shakespeare and to Mr. Furnivall in his whole treatment of every play, in spite of the matter having been "draggd" out of him when out of sorts; yet here, as with *Much Ado About Nothing*, we cannot but think that nothing in the introducer's dealing with the subject becomes him like the leaving it. "The kiss on which he (*Othello*) dies, shows where his love still was, and that must plead for him. Behind the nobleness of his nature were yet the jealousy, the suspicion, the mean cunning of the savage. Death to the adulteress was but the practice of his race. (Let us recollect that Gunpowder Plot was discovered on November 5, 1605, and pass to the murder of an earlier king)." We do accordingly pass to *Macbeth*, in which the victim was, no doubt, "an earlier king" than the victim intended by the contrivers of the Gunpowder Plot, and here we find an interesting example of Mr. Furnivall's system of "links" between Shakespeare's different plays. "We have no picture" in *Macbeth*, and this is strange enough, "of the sweet Desdemona listening to her Moor, going through her household tasks, and coming back to hear the wondrous story of his life; no bridal life, however short." The Spanish fleet, in short, we cannot see because it is not yet in sight. On the other hand, there are certain things which have not yet been in sight as to which Mr. Furnivall gives us valuable information. What happens in the play we can all learn by turning to our Shakespeare. What happened before the play we learn by turning to Mr. Furnivall. "Before the play opens there must have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan's murder." *Wenn Herr Furnivall sagt so muss es wahr sein*; and now the notion that the first thought of the removing of Duncan is put into Macbeth's head, or into his wife's, or into both, by the strange greeting of the witches must be forever abandoned. But this discovery takes us away from the "links" which are between *Othello* and *Macbeth*; that the chief characters in both command an army, that their temptations are both from within and without—which is of course peculiar—"that the working of passion in both is alike quick, that the victims and murderers alike die, that *Othello* is accused of witchcraft as Macbeth practises it. . . . The murder of the King and the Ghost of Banquo connect the play with *Hamlet*, while the portents before Duncan's death are like those before the death of Hamlet's father and Julius Cæsar." In a footnote Mr. Furnivall definitively sets at rest a vexed question. "The porter scene," says the writer, and of course he knows,

"is certainly genuine, and the assignment of its grim humor to a fifth-rate comic writer like Middleton is a great mistake. The folk who so assign it don't know Middleton; they just catch up his name from the witch songs, and stick it on to the porter, whom he never had anything like power enough to create." The authorship of yet other passages in the play is in the same fashion disposed of in this remarkable note, which ends with "See my discussion of the porter scene in *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874, Part II." Going on to *King Lear* we find that Mr. Furnivall thinks that "Lear must stand by itself as the first Ingratitude and Cursing Play, tho' it is linkt to the Group before it and the Lust or False Love Group which follows it;" and we presently discover that in "the second Ingratitude and Cursing Group" is *Coriolanus*. . . .

And so on.

And not only this, but Mr. Furnivall has gone further, and annotated his own Introduction (though we cannot discover any difference between the characters of Text and Comment—anything in these Notes which might not equally as well have been Text or in Text which might not equally have been Note), something in this style (we quote quite at random):

Speaking of Shakespeare's probable admission to the Stratford Grammar School in 1571, we are told (p. x.): "I went to a boarding-school at six-and-a-quarter, and recollect still, jumping with delight when the carriage drove round to take me. But after a quarter's taste of the cane, etc., tears came on going back for the autumn half." As to the mortgage of November 14, he notes "see my letter of October 24, 1878, to *The Academy*." To an allusion to the metres, "Some overgrown children pooh-pooh them altogether." [Possibly the writer of this paper is here alluded to.—Eds. S.] To *Macbeth*, V., ii., 705, we have the note, "I don't accept as later all the parts named." Speaking of Hamlet's communing with old books, our editor says, "I don't press the books point, except they were story-books, such as then existed." Of the supposed friendship of Shakespeare for somebody or other mentioned in the Sonnets: "Happily not ending like that of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux in Coleridge." To *The Merchant of Venice*, II., ix., 91, "Portia implies Shakespeare's rise into the society of such English Ladies as he'd not known in earlier life." To *King John*, "My friend Mr. W. Myers, great at amateur theatricals, says that even *I. Henry IV.* is a play that 'does not play itself.'"

If our limits forbade not, we might proceed with these quotations indefinitely. But enough is enough; especially of Mr. Furnivall. Sufficient has been cited to suggest that the collector of Shakespearian curiosities, rather than the Shakespearian student, will seize upon The Leopold Shakespeare and find place for it upon his shelves, along with Bowlderized Editions, Mr. Ireland's "Vortigern," the great "Donnelly Cryptogram," or (to go into general literature) the famous Willstach Edition of Dante. As to Mr. Furnivall's division of the plays into "Periods" and Groups the reader must, of course, judge for himself. SHAKESPEARIANA has heretofore admitted a very full discussion of their merits as settling chronological questions,* and it is unnecessary, perhaps, to renew it. If the reader believes that Shakespeare divided his plays into the following, viz.: The *Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Burden-Falling* Group; the *Sunny-or-Sweet-Time* Group; the *Lust-or-False-Love* Group; the *Re-union - or - Reconciliation - and - Forgiveness* Group; the *Ingratitude-and-Cursing* Group, he will probably believe so to the end of time. If he should conclude that it was Furnivall, rather than Shakespeare, whose powerful mind conceived the division, the matter can hardly attain a more than whimsical importance to anybody.

For a large amount of contemporary information, however, as to various things, we must agree with the *Saturday Review*, certainly, that The Leopold Shakespeare is an episode in Shakespearian criticism not to be negligently appreciated. If ever a commentator should attempt to rise to the dignity of his subject, it would seem as if he should so rise with Shakespeare for his Text. Whether Mr. Furnivall ever did, or ever will, so rise, is a question apart from the purposes of this review. But in the meantime serious students will not, perhaps, look to Furnivall for either elevation or assistance.

* Vol. IV., p. 535.

Reviews.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- (18) DELIA BACON. A Biographical Sketch. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 340.
- (26) THE MERMAID SERIES. The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. Edited by Havelock Ellis. London : Vizetelli & Co.
- (19) THE TRUE STORY OF HAMLET AND OPHELIA. By Frederica Beardsley Gilchrist. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 340.
- (23) SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST. A Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Oxford : The Clarendon Press. 12mo, cloth, pp. 368.
- (32) SHAKESPEARE UND SHAKSPERE. Zur Genesis der Shakespeare Dramen. Von K. F. Graf von Vitzthum von Eckstadt. Stuttgart : Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 8vo, cloth, pp. 264.
- (35) SIR ANTHONY SHERLEY THE AUTHOR OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By Scott Surties. London : Henry Gray. Cloth, pp. 42.
- (20) IS THERE ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND BACON? Philadelphia : Henry B. Ashmead. 12mo, paper, pp. 192. Second edition, enlarged. London : Field & Tuer.
- (25) THE SHAKESPEARIAN MYTH. William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence. By Appleton Morgan. Third edition. Cincinnati : Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 342, xviii.
- (24) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. A Literary Biography. By Karl Elzé, Ph.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. London : George Bell & Sons. Cloth, pp. 587.
- (34) ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION SERIES. Henry the Fifth. By Rev. J. A. Church. London and New York : Macmillan & Co. Cloth, pp. 155.
- (33) AN EXPLANATORY AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION. Including Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames Bestowed on Eminent Men, and Analogous Popular Appellations often Referred to in Literature and Conversation. By William A. Wheeler. Nineteenth edition. With Appendix. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 440.

- (37) CHARACTER STUDIES IN MACBETH. By George Fletcher. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 12mo, pp. 110.
- (38) THE ALBION EDITION. THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With Life, Glossary, etc. Prepared from the Texts of the First Folio, the Quartos, and compared with Recent Commentators. By the Editor of "The Chandos Classics." London and New York: Fred. Warne & Co. 12mo, pp. 1136.
- (39) A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATRE, on the West End of the Bankside, London, 1595. From a Sketch made by John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's, Utrecht, who visited London in 1596. Sheet, 10x12. New York: L. L. Lawrence.
- (40) THE PLOTS OF SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH PLAYS. With Index of the Principal Characters. By Henry Gray. London: Griffith, Farron, O'Keden & Welsh. 16mo, cloth, pp. 117.

(18) Heaven, in matters Shakespearian, as in matters theological, appears to be the great congregation of the Orthodox. The way of the Baconian is always a hard one. But in the case of the poor lady, whose wan and careworn face is now presented for the first time in frontispiece, it seems to have been a very piteous and very thorny way indeed. Miss Bacon's tragic story: how her theory carried her to England: of her labors, poverty, privations there, the general opposition of her family (wrongly criticised—as it now appears—for harshness and cruelty even therein), her overt act in attempting the ocular proof at the grave of Shakespeare itself in Stratford chancel, and of the last scene of all, that strange, eventful history—all this is well known! The reader who turns these leaves for new matter finds it in the letters of Carlyle, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Miss Bacon's responses thereto, and it will probably occur to him that, had Miss Bacon written her book in the graphic and vigorous style of her letters, the late Mr. O'Connor would never have been known as the only soul who ever got through it. Emerson, it seems, was always writing Miss Bacon nice letters—most readable, even at this date, thirty years after their occasion has perished—letters full of promises of help. But whatever help they brought must have been sentimental only. As Hawthorne himself says (warning Miss Bacon to look for little that was substantial in that direction): "If anything can be done" (he writes) "Mr. E. ought to feel himself bound to do it—that is, if he were a man like other men; but he is far more than that and not so much." (p. 213.) And so it happens that Mr. Hawthorne is the hero of Mr. Bacon's fascinating biog-

raphy. His (Mr. Hawthorne's) practical assistance, in hard cash, contrasts very pleasantly with Mr. Emerson's beautiful language: and the airy insouciance with which the philosopher tells the starving enthusiast in her London garret that the manuscripts on which she depended not only for announcing her theory to mankind, but for daily bread, have disappeared forever, has never, we think, been equalled in English prose literature! Upon reading Miss Bacon's third paper, however, this extraordinary man did say one practical thing (and we cannot help thinking it as applicable to the Baconians of to-day as it was to Miss Bacon then), viz.: "Of course, we instantly require your proofs. But, instead of hastening to these, you expatiate on the absurdity of the accepted biography. Perfectly right to say once, but not necessary to say twice, and unpardonable, after telling us that you have proof that this was not the man, and we are waiting for that proof, to say it thrice. There is great incidental worth in these expatiatings; but it is all at disadvantage, because we have been summoned to hear an extraordinary announcement of facts and are impatient of any episodes. I am sure you cannot be aware how voluminously you have cuffed and pounded the poor pretender, and then again and again, and still no end. . . . I am a little shocked by the signature, '*Discoverer of the Author of Shakespeare's Plays*,' which should not be used one moment in advance." (p. 194.) This, however (possibly because Emerson said it), Miss Bacon, it seems, could not understand. She writes Hawthorne, a little later (p. 207): "Mr. Emerson talks about my 'wearing the crown.' He says, 'Yes, wear it, and welcome, and forever more, from the instant your fact is made to appear,' but he recommends that I shall not put it on prematurely." But although Miss Bacon so construes it, it appears that this was exactly the reverse of what Mr. Emerson did say. As to the letters from Carlyle, one has to pause in following Miss Bacon's story and wonder that a man who, in a letter, could write so directly and neatly should prefer in his books to adopt a jargon which, although exactly in accordance with the more recondite rules of the English tongue, was so painfully characteristic and morbidly unconventional as to fail of effect, however it commanded attention. However, we can see that he felt for the poor lady and, although he may have written to Emerson "your woman's mad," to herself he only spoke cheerful and kindly words, pressing her to be "not so shy" of partaking of his and his good wife's hospitality. But poor Miss Bacon, we suspect, much as she longed with her New England training, for a home, was already too far gone on the pace that

kills to relish even the softest and kindest of homes, unless the inmates believed in Bacon, or at any rate, unless they disbelieved in Shakespeare. She was, besides, hard at work, writing in bed to save the expense of a fire, at high pressure : and she accomplished, so far as bulk went, a good deal. The new matter which Mr. Bacon's volume supplies (except the Carlyle, Emerson, and Hawthorne correspondence) is as to Miss Bacon's closing days. And this is important, because the anti-Baconians have always sneered at the Baconian theory as the dream of a crazy woman. Writing of that theory in 1877, we said that the sneer did not seem to us a fair disposition of the subject, first, because it had nothing to do with the merits, and secondly, because, as we read what we could find of Miss Bacon's history, the aslake treatment of her theory and the utter damnation of her book were enough to drive any woman—especially a woman who had lived on insufficient food and without stimulants for five years to write it—into insanity. It seems to us that this portion of Mr. Theodore Bacon's volume sustains this latter conclusion. Here is the last scene of all this strange, eventful history (p. 308) : On June 12, 1857, Mr. David Rice, surgeon and Mayor of Stratford, wrote to the American Consul at Liverpool, asking "advice or suggestions" touching an American lady, Miss Delia Bacon, who was "in a very excited and unsatisfactory state, especially mentally, and I think there is much reason to fear that she will become decidedly insane." To which Mr. Hawthorne instantly replied, authorizing all suitable expenditure (for it was reported that her means were exhausted), and transmitting to Dr. Leonard Bacon the advices received from Mr. Rice. To this Dr. Bacon replied in a letter (p. 310), too long to quote here, but which those who have criticised Dr. Bacon for his position as to his sister, ought in common fairness to read before saying more. Mr. Bacon then continues (p. 310) : "For month after month, notwithstanding intermittent lifting of the cloud which had settled about her, it became more and more evident that the cloud was the darkness of night. . . . In December, under the stress of her heightening malady, she was removed to an excellent private asylum for a small number of insane persons at Henley-in-Arden, in the forest of Arden, eight miles from Stratford." In March, 1858, a son of Dr. Leonard Bacon, arriving in England from a cruise in an American frigate, "remembered the relative, whom he had heard to be somewhere there, but of whose sickness and distraction he had heard nothing, and tracing her to Stratford and to Henley-in-Arden, assumed the responsibility of bringing her back to America, and to her home. . . . She did not linger

there long. Her distraction was complete and hopeless, so complete that only the care and restraint of an institution designed for the treatment of the insane was adequate to control her and to provide for her needs. She was brought very soon to the 'Retreat' at that city of Hartford where so many years of her childhood had been spent, and there she remained until the end." Before her death "she recognized, and said so, that she had been under delusions: although in these solemn hours of meeting and final parting, what some have thought the great delusion of her life was neither spoken of nor thought of. But the bitterness of her soul against those who had loved her most and longest, was all gone, and instead there was peace, and the tender affection of the early days of hardship and struggle. . . . She died, clearly and calmly trusting in Christ, and thankful to escape from tribulation and enter into rest. In the old burying-ground at New Haven she was laid. . . . A cross of brown stone, set there by some of the ladies, who remembered the love and admiration with which they had received her instruction, bears simply the record of her birth and death, and the words 'SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.' "

As to how much light this touching finalé may throw upon the Baconian theory, or the Delia Bacon theory, we leave everybody to judge for themselves. So much for the new matter which Mr. Theodore Bacon has given us in his reverent and brilliant biography of his always interesting kinswoman. Whatever the merits of the Bacon theory, Miss Bacon was fitter to be its discoverer than its elucidator, its martyr than its apostle to the Gentiles. To pass rapidly over the salient points in this book (and to review it justly would be to transcribe it page by page, so compactly is it written), we find Hawthorne (p. 184) writing Miss Bacon: "We find thoughts in all great authors, and even in small ones, that strike their roots far beneath the surface, and entwine themselves with the roots of other writers' thoughts, so that, when we pull up one, we stir the whole; and yet these writers have no conscious society with one another." Of course it was inevitable that a man who could write like this, must sooner or later become distasteful to an enthusiast like Delia Bacon. Just as the mere skeptics as to the complete accepted authorship of Shakespeare to-day are reviled by those who are not only sure that Bacon was the real author, but that he wrote a cipher in the plays; just so Miss Bacon sooner or later dropped those who would fain have accompanied her on a part of her journey but not on all—Carlyle, Miss Farrar, and finally Hawthorne himself. Nevertheless, Hawthorne continued to befriend her, not with tropes and similes like Emerson

but with hard cash (which, when she would accept no longer, all honor to him, he placed surreptitiously so she could not escape the benefit of it). And there is a certain grimness in the kind words he says at the very last—working it to her praise—that “in almost the last letter I received from her, she declared (me) unworthy to meddle with her work.” Everybody, Baconians and anti-Baconians, will be thankful to Mr. Theodore Bacon for this most entrancing volume, which is not only a biography but a contribution to American Literature. Especially is he to be thanked for the portrait, which—reproduced from a daguerreotype of 1853—shows a wan, anxious, but not unyielding face, a mouth tenacious though gentle, but around the eyes that far off look which physiognomists are apt to pronounce as habitual to the vision that sees beyond the real and the actual—that reads books between the lines, and puts into a text meanings which, if the author ever intended, he at least did not express to the vulgar general of his readers. Who wrote Shakespeare, and who shall tell us? History is silent. Dr. Furness has interviewed even spirits from the vasty beyond, but even they—even to one great Variorum editor—will nothing tell. But let us work away. Who knows when we may materialize something? But anyhow, no matter what we find or miss, we cannot search without adding something to the great cairn of Shakespearian Interpretation and Praise. In *Our Old Home* Mr. Hawthorne—God bless him!—closes his sketch of Delia Bacon, as we will close this review, by imagining that, on Miss Bacon's entry into the Promised Land, great Shakespeare met her “on the threshold and led her in, reassuring her with friendly and comfortable words, and thanking her (yet with a smile of gentle humor in his eyes at the thought of certain mistaken speculations) for having interpreted him to mankind so well.”—(26) The “Mermaid Series of the Old Dramatists,” which Messrs. Vizetelli & Co., of London, are rapidly issuing, continues to improve, and, when completed, must perforce supersede every other, making thereafter its permanent home in every complete dramatic library. The soberer binding which the publishers have given the latest numbers seems to fit the heavier Ford, Massinger, and Otway, as the lighter filigree did the flippant Wycherley and his associates of the Restoration (at least later volumes have reached us in this more sober dress). For the rest, it can hardly be possible for us to add to what we have already said—namely, that this is the only edition for the library. An interregnum in our book lists has left unacknowledged the following, we believe: *William Congreve*, edited by Alex.⁴ Charles Ewald, F.S.A., with a frontispiece

from the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller; *William Wycherley*, edited by W. C. Ward, with frontispiece from the portrait by Sir Peter Lely; *Nero and Other Plays*, edited by Herbert P. Horne, Havelock Ellis (the general editor of the Mermaid Series), Arthur Symonds, and A. Wilson Verity, with portrait of Nathaniel Field, taken from the picture in the Dulwich Gallery; *Webster and Tourneur*, edited by John Addington Symonds, with frontispiece of the Globe Theatre, from an engraved view of London taken about A.D. 1616; *John Ford*, edited by Havelock Ellis, with frontispiece of the Bankside and its theatres (viz., the Swan Theatre, the Bear Gardens, the Hope Theatre, the Globe Theatre, Winchester House, the Temple, Old St. Paul's and the Guild Hall, thrown into panorama with the Thames, and the Bankside for foreground, a most valuable exhibit of the relative positions of these landmarks); *Thomas Otway*, edited by Hon. Roden Noel, with frontispiece from a portrait by Riley; and the second volume of *Massinger*, edited by Arthur Symonds, with for frontispiece a portrait of John Lowin, from the picture in the Ashmole Museum. At least these are the volumes before us, and they merit a second mention if it be they have already had an earlier one from us. It will be noticed that the frontispieces are carefully and choicely selected, and always from rare and illustrative sources.—(19) Mrs. Gilchrist's "True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia" may be true, but it is certainly new, and if true, Mrs. Gilchrist's inner consciousness is to be awarded great praise for evolution of the facts. The truth, as we now have it, appears to be that, when Hamlet heard the ghost's revelation it resolved him, *not* to remember the poor ghost, *not* to blot out all saws of books, etc., *not* to proceed at once to the putting a quietus upon his uxorious and murderous uncle, but—*not* to marry! It further appears (*teste* Mrs. Frederica Beardsley Gilchrist) that Hamlet upon this resolution fixed, announced it forcibly, not to say profanely, exclaiming, "And shall I COUPLE?—H—ll! This is the *pièce de resistance* of the book, which is nevertheless a readable re-treatment of familiar matter. The reprint, "*The Hystorie of Hamblet, London. printed for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Corne-hill, neere to the Royall Exchange, 1608,*" which is given as Appendix, might, however, have changed places with the body of the book, and so better expressed relative values. The book is elegantly manufactured.—(23) One thing at least can be said for Mr. Richard G. Moulton. Let us hasten to say it. At least no review of his books, not commensurate in bulk with the books themselves, can give any idea of his fine work. And not having

350 pages of reviewing space, we must refer readers to the work itself. If they halt a little at finding that *The Tempest* is written to illustrate the use of enchantment as an engine of Personal Providence; *Macbeth* to show the antithesis of the outer and inner life, and all that: if they suffer a partial syncope on learning that *The Merchant of Venice*, they have so often seen Booth and Irving play to fascinated houses, is a First Main Cross Nemesis action, divided into a sub-action as to First Main, also Link action, enclosing two Main actions connected by Common Personage and by Link action—action movement, with contrary motion between two main actions, the First Main complicated and resolved by the Final Strain extreme, etc. (we write with our eye on the text): choose to believe Mr. Moulton that these were Shakespeare's conceptions—we say—they will find in this volume a demonstration of their faith quite as intelligible as Mr. Wigston's books on the Rosicrucian and Delphic motives of Bacon in writing these same plays. And perhaps there is no more to be said. Mr. Moulton, we should add, has evolved a system which he calls inductive criticism—which means, as nearly as we can comprehend him, that everything is a standard to itself and should be criticised in terms of itself—that comparative criticism is not criticism, but simply comparison. Possibly this sort of criticism might be useful in handling Shakespeare, but how would it apply to other literary matter? It would be interesting, for example, to see a critique of Little Bo-Peep, constructed exclusively on the inductive system invented, devised, and worked up by Mr. R. G. Moulton.—(32)

We are tempted to take up Count Vitzthum next, as a counterpart to the above. The Count believes in the high value of Donnelly and all his works. So also does (35) Mr. Surties, though he thinks, it seems, Sir Anthony Sherley the real author of Shakespeare. Indeed, so certain is he that "Anthony Sherley and none other was he who wrote these plays," that he barely wastes forty-two and one-half pages—and those of the thinnest—to prove it. Count Vitzthum is of quite another kidney than this silly Mr. Surties. What would the Count say to Dr. Nicholson's demonstration that, by Mr. Donnelly's own figures, his own numbers and "Root numbers," "modifiers," etc., and the privilege of making a number odd or even (by adding a unit in counting up or down a page), the chances are 3,309,000 to one that anybody will be able to use any word in any book in any way he pleases? (Or, as Dr. Nicholson himself more carefully states it, "By the arithmetical law of combinations, Mr. Donnelly's contrivance secures to the operator an almost incalculable number of chances for picking up from the column

any words required for the manufacture of stories.) But possibly the Count has not seen Dr. Nicholson's work!—(20) This writer (Mr. C. F. Steele, we believe) has selected another of the numberless standpoints from which to quash once more the poor Baconian theory. Indeed, one begins to pity so great a man—so industrious, so valuable, and so dignified a man as St. Albans was—in having his name so bandied about by his terrible friends, who set up a claim for him to what he did not value, did not want, did not pretend to! It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Steele could find much that was new to say in glean- ing so already over-threshed a field. But he makes a clever point of the contrast between Bacon's heavy and deliberate *Essay on Love* and the master delineation of that master-passion in the Plays.—(25) Mr. Morgan has himself told us (SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol V., p. 485) how this book came to be written; that it still continues to be published, shows that it has life yet. Briefly, it is an extreme statement of the anti-Shakespearian case, and, whether or not Mr. Morgan wrote it on the principle that, just as the best way of abolishing a bad law is to rigorously enforce it, so the quickest way to silence a paradox is to give it the fullest statement—those who wish either to dethrone Shakespeare or to draw the fire of the dethroners can do no better than to drink here. However, we do not read in the Preface of the first edition of *The Shakespearian Myth*, that its author *did* speak for himself, but objectively (and not unfairly, on the whole, since he states pro and con with equal courage), for the Historic Doubt.—(24) A most careful résumé, made with all the late Dr. Elze's method and reach, of Halliwell-Phillipps' results, added to the data already gathered before him: translated into English by the lady who did so much to make Dr. Elze's essays (and so the Dr. himself) known to the English reading public.—(34) It is wonderful how certain real characters there are whom the dimness of time has forever hidden from the histories men read, who yet live because Shakespeare has touched them with his enabling pen. Such a character is Henry V. The Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in beginning what promises to be their invaluable "Men of Action Series," have included a biography of this English King, from the competent pen of Mr. Church, and Mr. Church has gone to Shakespeare. He is bound to say that Shakespeare, and not history, is responsible for the Gad's Hill escapades, for Falstaff and the rest: sets Shakespeare right as to the English losses at Agincourt: and generally tries to pull back the dramatist within the bounds of historic verity. But, all the same, it is Shakespeare, and not history, who has made Prince Harry and

Henry the Fifth living characters in the perspective.—(33) Mr. Wheeler's volume claims place in a Shakespearian library. We have had occasion for years to know that it is a better Index to the characters in the plays than the dozens of volumes which exclude all except Shakespearian fiction, and purport to guide, philosophize, and befriend the hunter for the more exclusive data. The nineteenth edition of a work ought to testify rather to its utility, whatever reviewers can add to such a verdict.—(37) This work of Mr. Fletcher's was originally published in 1846, and is now reprinted, a prefatory note says, as "so apposite with regard to the Production of Shakespeare's Tragedy at the Lyceum" as to be "a matter of current interest." We have not as yet had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Irving's version of Macbeth, but, if the burden of the critics upon that play is to be believed, this book, in insisting upon Shakespeare as he wrote it, not as it is made over, would seem rather inapposite than apposite. Mr. Fletcher's book itself is interesting as of a date before the æsthetic school arose: is fairly readable, but not, it seems to us, exhaustive: certainly not fresh. We are in accord with its trend, however, and, apropos of Mr. Irving, are reminded of the wise saying that a version of a Shakespeare play, made by an actor who is to take a leading part in the production of that version, is bound to be unsatisfactory to somebody. It is the actor's business to make his own parts prominent: to give himself an appearance, let us say, in each act (or scene, maybe), and if Shakespeare has not done so already, he will correct Shakespeare, certainly to that extent. Shakespeare himself, if we are to believe history, took minor parts in his own plays—"The only actor who ever did such a thing, or ever will," said Charles Reade.—(38) Most Shakespeares "printed for the trade" are unsatisfactory, by reason of irresponsible editing, or no editing at all. The present betters that, and—from such examination as we have been able to give it—keeps to the best readings of the best editors, early and modern. The type is clear and the shape a handy one.—(39) Most pictures of the interiors of the old Bankside theatres are unsatisfying to exact investigators of early stage arrangements not only, but directly contradictory, not to say independently imaginary. The sketch made by John De Witt, of Utrecht, who visited London in 1596, of the interior and stage of the Swan Theatre, built the year before, can hardly escape being authentic, and the publisher has done well to reproduce it for the benefit of those curious in these matters.—(40) Mr. Henry Gray, who has prepared a good many other time-saving hand-

books, both literary and technical, has conceived the idea of giving the arguments or synopses of some of the most famous of English plays in one of the series. Novel as the idea is, Mr. Gray has succeeded in doing it well, so well, in fact, as to make one wonder somebody had not hit upon the idea before him.

Editorial.

WE are pleased to see, in the last number of *The Journal of the Bacon Society* which reaches us, an indication that the Bacon Society does not propose to carry further that craziest of all crazy *fiascos*—the Donnelly Cipher ! The preceding number had been so full of this ridiculous business that it seemed hopeless to hope that the real objects of The Bacon Society were to be allowed to rest any longer within sight of its deliberations. Those objects, as stated in the original *Circular* sent out by the Founders of the Society (which SHAKESPEARIANA printed in full on page 50 of Volume II.), were :

“To elucidate the real character, position, and genius of Francis Bacon, as philosopher, lawyer, essayist, and poet.

“On the strictest principles of scientific investigation, to inquire, what was the influence of Bacon on the spirit of his own and succeeding times?—what the tendencies and results of his writings?

“To ascertain how much the English language and literature owe to Bacon.

“To come to some conclusion as to the supposed relation between Bacon and the Shakespearian Poems and Dramas.”

—objects so eminently reasonable and praiseworthy that several gentlemen of prominence in these investigations unhesitatingly signed their names to the *Circular*, and became members of The Bacon Society.

It would be strange, indeed, if the studies of the Society—led back to these lines—should bring its members to utterly reject the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. If

it should, let us hope that they would be honest enough, as others have been honest enough, to avow that they had been mistaken—a thing it always requires a certain courage to do. Would the Editor of *The Bacon Journal* himself conclude that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, for example, from the Parallelism, which (among others) he prints at page 151 of his January (1889) issue?

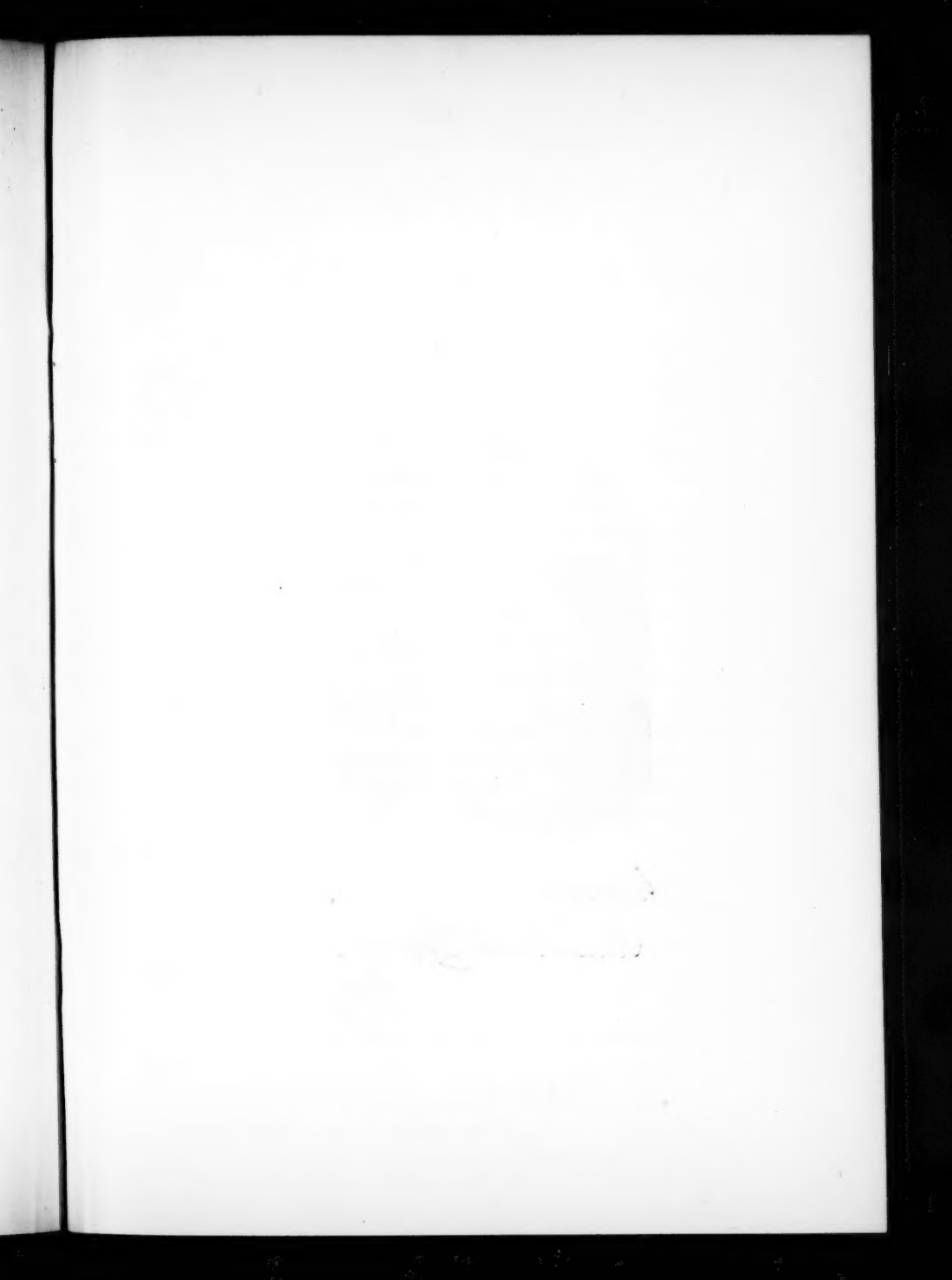
The argument he *handles*.—BACON.

Is this a dagger that I see before me,

The *handle* towards my hand?—SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG gentlemen on newspaper staffs, who carry the burden of knowledge for us, and occasionally (as *Belford's Magazine* says) "put in their home time reviewing books," should remember that at least a summary acquaintance with a thing criticised is often convenient to the critic thereof. Even so eminent a newspaper as the *New York Times*, however, is sometimes misled into admitting the efforts of young persons who forget this axiom. A late effort of one of these, printed in that esteemed contemporary of ours, in kindly pointing out the "superficial" character of the studies of certain members of the New York Shakespeare Society, speaks of the Bankside Shakespeare as containing "the Heyes Quarto and 1623 folio texts of the plays printed side by side." All this sort of thing recalls a curious anecdote, contained in one of Christian's notes to Blackstone (III., 150), somewhat as follows:

"Sir Thomas Moore, when a student on his travels, came across a pragmatical professor in the University of Bruges, who gave a universal challenge to dispute with any person in any science: *in omni scibili et de quodlibet ente*. Upon which Mr. Moore sent him this question, *Utium averia carucae, capta in vetito namio, sint irreplegibilia?* that is, "whether goods taken in withernam can be replevied before the original distress is forthcoming?" (a knotty question of law which happened to be just then puzzling English lawyers). Our professor, not even having heard of the terms employed, seems to have subsided, and nothing more was heard of his challenges.





Yours very truly
Hiram Howard Furness.